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COMPTON WYNYATES

WEST VIEW

The Lure of Old English Mansions

By ARTHUR G. BEIN, with introduction by WARREN P. LAIRD, Professor of Architecture, University of Pennsylvania

INTRODUCTION.

OUR debt to the formal architecture of classic lands is immeasurably great. It is so recognized in all aspects of the architect's work, whether in preparatory training or the responsibilities of practice, and his appreciation of it increases with the progress of study or the importance of professional undertakings.

This fact may serve to emphasize another, equally true but perhaps less readily acknowledged, because pertaining to the less formal and more intimate side of professional work—namely the great value to us of the inspiration afforded by English domestic architecture. Not only is this of consequence but it applies in the working out of what is perhaps our most usual architectural problem, the American country house. This is no doubt due to the fact that the type has developed in Anglo-Saxon soil and that we have received it with sympathetic understanding as a natural heritage.

Rural England, therefore, is to us a charmed land and Mr. Bein gives us a glimpse of it through eager and appreciative eyes. His notes are readable not alone for their technical information but because of the spirit in which it was gathered and is recorded.

WARREN P. LAIRD.

While the ecclesiastical treasures of England have been the subject of much description, there is comparatively little information available concerning her fine old country houses. There are innumerable guide books for the cathedrals, but the wonderful specimens of domestic architecture are insufficiently exploited and the interested student would have to dig out his own route to them.

As residences these old places were unsurpassed in their day by those of any other nation, and they still present, even where architectural traces of feudal fortifications linger, the best inspiration to the modern home builder. The long, peaceful reign of Elizabeth that witnessed the general wearing of handsome apparel, the introduction of coaches and other signs of luxury, gave to the rich nobles their first opportunity of establishing homes that should be purely residences. The stern character of feudal castles and moated granges was now modified and the newer edifices took on, along with specially domestic features, a more artistic aspect. They were still built solidly—solidly enough to shelter generations to come; but also they were beautiful and spacious enough to even entertain the queen and her court should this coveted opportunity present itself, as it did in many instances.



THE MOTE HOUSE

IGHTHAM

From domestic architecture in England during the Tudor period. Courtesy of B. T. Batsford, Publisher, London. Charles Scribner's Sons, Importers, New York.

This home life was naturally reflected in the architecture of the period—an architecture that tells how the nobles were proud yet simple, seeking to adapt into their homes whatever of luxury the national prosperity brought; yet remaining close enough to nature to set their houses in harmonious surroundings.

The traveler who would visit these examples of Tudor and early Elizabethan dwellings, where the air of centuries ago seems to linger, must be prepared to forego the comfortable quarters and good meals obtainable in the large towns, and face the cold fare of the wayside inn that too seldom sees a stranger. To avoid painful experiences of this nature it is necessary to touch at frequent intervals the larger towns with their good old inns.

To offset this disadvantage peculiar to the remotest villages the trip among English country houses offers many pleasures; extending as it does through lovely wooded country with warm-roofed villages nestling in the fertile stretches. In any of these quaint hamlets one may wander unmolested, examining interesting bits of architecture, sketching and taking measurements.

The itinerary the author followed began and ended at London; and while not entirely free from zigzags it has the merit of including enough representative specimens of Tudor and Elizabethan domestic architecture to supply the student with rich material.

It takes him first direct to Canterbury, the most eastern point to be touched; then westward to Yeovil, stopping at Sevenoaks, Guilford and Sherborne; then north to York, first swinging east to visit Oxford and Stratford and out again to Worcester, Shrewsbury and Chester; and finally south via Nottingham, Peterborough and Cambridge back to London.

As many of the stopping places lie off the main line the traveler is warned to watch out for "junctions"; not necessarily after the manner of the man who, receiving this advice, poked his head from the window at every station to see if his luggage was removed from

the van; if that operation was going on he followed his trunk; otherwise he concluded his junction was not yet reached. The plan after all is safe enough, for baggage is very accurately marked as to junctions.

The frequent use of carriages and carts will be necessary. These can be hired at moderate rates at the village inn on leaving the railroad. In some instances the distance to the house is short enough to invite a walk through the charming landscape. Anyone contemplating a bicycle trip must be reminded that much of his travel will take him over back roads and bypaths that make wheeling anything but a delight—especially if encumbered with sketching paraphernalia and even the minimum of personal baggage. It is better to purchase a machine at the start than hire it. Over long distances it will be carried by the railroad without extra cost to the passenger. But English weather, and the inaccessibility of some of the points considered, make a bicycle trip undesirable.

Owing to the various railroad systems used, there can be no economizing such as return tickets or circular trips permit of. Instead, single tickets from point to point must be purchased as the journey progresses. Third class is mostly used and fairly comfortable—indeed it is so popular that many of the lines have altogether discontinued their second-class carriages.

There being no country in Europe where letters of introduction are so vitally regarded as in England, one cannot be too plentifully supplied with them. Where the student is a graduate of an American university, a letter from the faculty is of great help. Better still in the eyes of the British landowner is a document from the American Embassy. And of course any introductions of a private nature are not to be despised.

These preliminaries seen to, the student may start for Canterbury, sixty-two miles southeast of London, in the garden county of Kent. Canterbury contains, besides its famous cathedral, some early Norman ruins and many quaint old houses; best known among these latter are the House of the Weavers and St. John's



ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL

CANTERBURY



GREAT TANGLEY MANOR

NEAR GUILFORD

Hospital. The first mentioned is a fine example of old half-timber work. The combination of wood and plaster is here, as in all Southern England, particularly harmonious, owing to the fact that neither paint nor stain have ever been applied to either material. Farther north in Shropshire and the famous Cotswold Hills, where the "black and white" half-timber work is seen, the effect is much less pleasing, the contrast between the dead white plaster and the pitch black beams being too violent. The markings of the adz still plainly show on the timber of the House of the Weavers, and a feature worth examining is the manner of covering with lead, as a protection against the elements, the exposed upper edges of the timbers. Either the weather was worse in Canterbury, or the builders more painstaking than elsewhere, for this peculiarity is rarely seen in other parts of England.

Passing through the covered way and into the courtyard of the little hospital of St. John's, in Northgate Street, one finds numerous interesting structural details, among others a good example of the usual method of fastening the barge board. Projecting almost a half inch beyond the surface of the board are the ends of the huge oak pins which fasten the barge board, with its now obliterated carving, to the ends of the projecting plate and ridge.

On leaving Canterbury one begins to experience the intricacies of English railroads and of English time-tables. Of course, a native would tell you the latter are very plain, but strangers are frequently heard to anathematize them. At any rate, one is forced to pass the greater part of a day in traversing the fifty-odd indirect miles between Canterbury and Horstead Keynes. Driving three miles east from Horstead Keynes you reach Lindfield, an historic and picturesque old village, and a

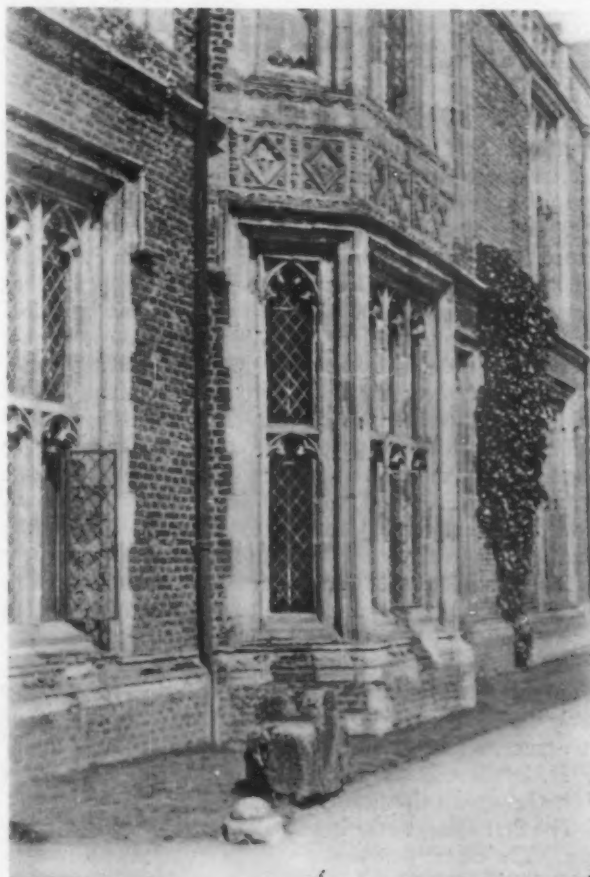
favorite haunt with English painters. Chief among its attractions for the architect is Old Place, built in 1590, the country seat of Charles E. Kemp, Esq. It presents a happy jumble of gables, peaks and chimneys, along with a specially harmonious combination of building materials—brick and stone and half-timber work (and rare examples of it, too), and thatched and tiled roofs. The barge boards are wonderfully carved, and both the large gables and the small dormers show elaborate pendants.

Hardly inferior in interest to the main residence are the thatched farm buildings and the garden house. The garden itself is bright with the varied colors of old-fashioned English flowers and suits the architecture perfectly. But there is one unfortunate note—the great spiral sun dial surmounted by a bronze pelican, more like an Alaskan totem pole than a work of art.

Two other historic mansions in the neighborhood are Pax Hill and Kenwardes. They date from the early seventeenth century and are doubtless worth the visit of those not pressed for time. I omitted them, being bound for Sevenoaks, in Surrey, to visit Ightham Mote and The Knoll.

One soon sees on leaving the Sevenoaks railroad station (which is not called Sevenoaks, but Bat and Ball) that there is little of interest to tempt him to linger in the town itself, and will strike out at once into the surrounding country, which is quaint and picturesque.

Ightham Mote lies deep in the valley about four miles



SUTTON PLACE

NEAR GUILFORD



THE ENTRANCE

MONTACUTE HOUSE

From domestic architecture in England during the Tudor period. Courtesy of B. T. Batsford, Publisher, London. Charles Scribner's Sons, Importers, New York.

east of the town, and is an unexcelled example of a sixteenth century manor house. Here, as at many other estates, there are special days of admission, a fee of from one to five shillings being asked. As the days vary for different seasons one can hardly discover them in advance, and it is then that a letter of introduction is invaluable. The house, incorporating as it does every preconceived notion of what a baronial manor should be, is fascinating to the American student. It is surrounded by a deep moat over which the ancient portcullis and keep tower are now approached by a solid stone bridge. This more modern detail can be easily whisked aside by the imagination while you picture the besieging bands vainly demanding, to the tune of swift arrows from the turreted roof, that the drawbridge be lowered. For the effect is still formidable enough, despite the peaceful air of the lovely old gardens.

Ightham Mote (the latter word having no relation to the *moat* around the place, but being a form of the old word *moot*, to discuss, and meaning a meeting-place when used in names) is of ancient origin. The De Haut, or Fitz Haut family had a fortified house here as early as Henry II's time. The greater portion was constructed in the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII, but it was the excellent workmen of Elizabeth's day who added the beautiful timber work.

The first thing to do is to make a circuit of the building. The eastern exposure with its gnarled and irregular half-timber and the numerous fine old chimneys visible, will be found the finest. Returning to the west

front one crosses the stone bridge and enters the delightful interior court. If you are, as I was, fortunate enough to be left to yourself you may sit down and examine some of the interesting bits of detail that may well bear transplanting. Many of them, to be sure, are hidden by the aged ivy; but there are occasional uncovered stretches where the masonry may be analyzed. It is composed of small, rectangular, rough-surfaced stones laid up with a wide joint; what dressed stone there is is simply surfaced and not tooled. In color it is all cold and gray.

The roof is of typical English tiles that closely resemble our common shingle as to size and shape, but run a little thicker. Age has changed the probably original red to a deep green that tones charmingly with the patches of moss and lichen that dot the roof.

The half timber is hewn and decidedly rough in character, mortised and tenoned together and fastened with oak pegs whose ends project about half an inch.

All leisurely inspection ended with the exterior; for once inside I was so rapidly shown through that only the most hurried notes were possible. Here the grand old dining room was the most impressive feature. It has the appearance of being roofed by a pointed arch ceiling, but in reality the ceiling is simply the underside of an ordinary gable roof whose trusses placed not more than three feet apart curve down below the peak of the ceiling, leaving shadowy spaces between and producing the arched effect.

A fine old early seventeenth century wainscot about eight feet high extends around this room. On close scrutiny it appeared to have been finished with a sharp instrument like a drawing knife rather than a plane. Portions of the panel were ornamented with the old linen pattern so often seen in the French medieval work. Both stain and age have combined to tinge the woodwork a grayish brown throughout. Between the top of the wainscot and the bottom of the trusses is a space finished with a rough coated plaster of rich ivory tone and hung with early Flemish tapestries whose once gorgeous knights and ladies are now beautifully mellow in the soft light of the great window of semi-opaque medieval glass that lights the dining-room.

Through innumerable winding passages and low doorways, where one has to stoop to enter, I was led to the chapel. It dates from the time of Henry VIII and as an excellent example of a domestic chapel is worth longer study than I was permitted to give it.

Throughout the house the window panes, small, rectangular, or diamond shaped, are set in lead. Where the casements are stationary, as in the stone portions of the building, the glass is leaded directly into a chase or groove cut into the stone mullion or wall. Where they are movable an iron frame leaded into the stone receives the iron frame of the casement.

The rich old gardens, the quaint little farm cottages, the delightfully composed mass of the main building, make it the most picturesque view in all England—and one that is likely to linger long in the memory.

Within driving distance of Sevenoaks is "The Knoll," the residence of Lord Sackville and one of the largest estates in England. The mansion contains a fine art collection and the gardens are very beautiful. But the house itself, while well planned, does not appeal as a

piece of architecture; it exemplifies the poorest features of the poorest part of the Elizabethan period—too much distorted late German Renaissance, the whole effect being cumbrous rather than graceful and elegant. This is particularly true of the interior.

Here, as in many of the houses described, the floor boards are very wide and surface-nailed even in the ballroom; but their original roughness has so yielded to centuries of waxing that one walks across them in constant fear of a fall. For holding doors open there were curious objects not seen elsewhere. Though by no means related in purpose to the gargoyle they looked like a near relation, being as grotesquely carved in wood, and representing dwarfed human beings about two feet high. To each dwarf's head was attached a brass handle by which he was picked up and carried from one heavy oak door to another as occasion required.

Besides the many places of interest in the outskirts of Guilford, the next place on my itinerary, the town itself contains numerous quaint old houses; one of them, the fine old hospital of the Tudor period, carrying an inscription familiar enough to Englishmen, but amusing to an American—"For decayed tradesmen and their widows."

A carriage can be hired cheaply for Great Tangle Manor, Losely, and Sutton Place, all within a five-mile radius of the town.

Great Tangle Manor offers a rare chance for study, for one can see at a glance its adaptability to the requirements of an American country home. Although it is a fortified manor house the fortification did not affect the style of the house itself, but consisted in building a high wall around the house and a deep moat outside the wall. King John, whose reign ended in 1216, had a hunting lodge on this spot; later the property was in the hands of the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, who sold it to John Caryl. It was this Caryl who built in 1582 the present beautiful half-timber façade. Mr. Warwick Flower bought it when much dilapidated, in 1884, after it had been used for years as a farmhouse. His restorations have been in such perfect accord with the original that one must pronounce Great Tangle with its beautiful gardens the *beau idéal* of a country home. No wonder that it recently attracted as a purchaser a member of the royal family.

So high is the wall that even at a distance only a glimpse of the gables and chimneys may be had. By some misdirections, I approached the place from the rear and had a long, tiresome walk around the grim wall till suddenly I came to a place where the stone work had been removed and replaced by a sort of wooden pergola. The unexpected picture was delightful. This view of the house from across the moat and through the vine-clad pergola is a wonderfully effective garden treatment.

As has been mentioned, the house is now the property of a member of the royal family; it was therefore less accessible than some other places and it took great persuasion to secure the butler's permission to cross the picturesque old bridge over the moat. It is a covered wooden structure completely grown over with vines and at the time I saw it was hidden under a mass of crimson roses.

There was much less stone than wood and plaster

used in building the house. The oak of the half timber work is roughly hewn and very irregular and has been stained a decidedly dark brown. Long exposure has filled it with cracks, but these seem not to have affected its durability. The intervening plaster work is comparatively smooth. It seems to have been painted a yellowish tone at one time, and this paint has in many places flaked off.

There was one unfortunate circumstance about Great Tangle that would make any architect heavy-hearted—the manner in which the recent addition was built. Of cheap ordinary red brick, and with windows of double-hung sash, it offers a sorry contrast to the older portions of the house.

Losely, a splendid Elizabethan mansion, is an easy drive from Great Tangle; but, the owner being absent at the time of my visit, neither notes nor photographs could be taken. Compton village is close by, whence one may stroll to Limnerslease, the country home of the late George Frederic Watts. The interesting little mortuary chapel in the grounds, freely decorated in highly colored terra cotta and ceramics, is the work of the painter's wife.

Sutton Place, the last house in this neighborhood, is of considerable interest. Built in 1525 it is one of the earliest examples of the Transitional period in domestic work. This is felt in the symmetry of the house and in the ornament, which shows a strong Italian influence. The ornament throughout is a curious and amusing study. It combines Renaissance, amorini and diaper patterns in their very crudest forms with the Gothic quatrefoils and cusping which the Tudor workmen were loath to give up. All this ornament as well as the trimmings is of terra cotta in a tone harmonizing with the brickwork. There is nothing to indicate whether the terra cotta was made in England or on the Continent. The brickwork is exceedingly good and worth measuring up, but the combination—brick and terra cotta—seems to give the building a commercial aspect; and this, with its carefully planned symmetry, renders Sutton Place less appealing than its neighbors.

All the important rooms of the ground floor are paved with large blocks of smooth stone about 18 inches square which are now covered by a wealth of Oriental rugs. The second story floors are all of wood. The interior is spacious and well planned, but of little architectural interest.

Some repairs going on in the large bay windows that feature the façades of the wings presented a good opportunity for observing certain details. In back of the corner mullions of the bay (not inside the mullion, but still covered by the plaster) were vertical iron pipes two inches in diameter joined together to form a sort of framework to strengthen the bay. This I am sure was not put in by the original builders, but no one about the place could give any particulars.

From Guilford, passing through Winchester and Salisbury, stopping to see the Bishop's Palace at the latter place, one arrives at Sherborne in Dorset, a place little visited by tourists, but containing a superb example of an English minster. From here to Yeovil, Somerset—the railroad station for Montacute House—is only a matter of an hour. The house lies four miles out of town.

Although one's first impression of Montacute is of a place somewhat ungainly in outline, the mass is so richly colored by age, and so splendidly set on an eminence dominating woods and fields and picturesque little villages, that one unhesitatingly pronounces it one of the finest old places in southern England. The house is E-shaped in plan, a common flattery to Queen Elizabeth.

The owners here are hospitable, keeping to the spirit of the legend placed over the garden portal in the days of Elizabethan hospitality:

*Through this wide opening gate,
None come too early nor return too late.*

The son of the owner wandered with me over the house and gardens and gave me its interesting history. It was commenced in 1580 by Sir Edward Philips, Speaker of the House of Commons and Master of the Rolls, and completed in 1601 at a cost of £20,000 sterling. During all these years it has remained in the Philips family.

The material is a warm buff oolite sandstone, quarried in the neighborhood. The stones are of odd dimensions, truly rectangular, and surface dressed, with a very fine joint.

One is struck by the great number of large windows and the unusually shallow reveals. The flatness to which these tend is relieved by the numerous and varying projections—wings, gables, and dormers. Also, the stopping of the bay windows at the second floor and the placing of statues between the large windows of the long gallery, help to break the monotony of the exterior. The gallery, ever a favorite feature with Elizabethan builders, is here larger than usual, being one hundred and seventy by twenty feet.

The interior of the house while most spacious is severely plain, due probably to the depredations of Cromwell. The halls and staircases have no architectural treatment whatever, but are simply formed by plastered walls. Some of the living rooms have good wainscots. Like most wainscoting, the panel mould does not extend across the bottom of the panel, but the stile is beveled instead and the vertical side moulds butt onto this bevel. From a distance this little omission, which they said facilitated cleaning, is not noticeable. It is distinctly a feature of the Tudor period, for in later periods the moulding was run around the four sides of the panel.

Montacute House is surrounded by wonderful gardens. Specially beautiful is the great terrace to the side and the sunken plaiance with its octagonal fountain in the center. Back of the house, which is the eastern exposure, is a sort of walled garden whose outer corners are accentuated by small pavilions of odd Elizabethan design. Adjacent to this enclosure is the old sequestered flower garden so overrun with creepers and thick with perennials that it is almost impossible to thread one's way through the tangle. After admiring the perfect consonance between house and gardens it comes as a surprise that the latter were laid out only seventy years ago.

The foregoing is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Bein. The second article will appear in issue of March 3.—Ed.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE PAINTINGS OF JOAQUIN SOROLLA Y BASTIDA, THE SPANISH PAINTER, AT THE GALLERIES OF THE HISPANIC SOCIETY OF AMERICA, NEW YORK

The love of truth is the essence of all art. It is this that makes the great artist, and when a true adherence to the verities of nature, sanely and forcibly expressed, is disclosed on the canvas, we recognize the genius of the painter and place the true value on the result of his work.

The visitor to the museum of the Hispanic Society of America, in Audobon Park, this city, where are exhibited more than three hundred paintings by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, the Spanish painter, will have these truths forcibly presented.

It is the rugged honesty of Sorolla's art that appeals to one. There are none of the tricks used to produce a dramatic climax that are so apparent in the work of many great artists.

The visitor feels that Sorolla knew what he desired to accomplish and that he has set out in a manly, straightforward way to effect his purpose. A strong sense of color, combined with accuracy of drawing that is shown by every stroke of his brush, dominates all of these canvases. Not a single one is uninteresting or monotonous, although his selection of the same subjects and models, from different points of view and under varying conditions, has produced a number of pictures very like in character and setting. Sorolla's technique is an interesting study. It shows how sure this painter is of himself, and how well he knows what it is he wants to do.

In his portraits his flesh tones are produced with a minimum of pigment while the draperies and backgrounds are fairly loaded with color. The result is a splendid effect of form and texture.

To truthfully state the impression conveyed by this exhibition, we believe it is in the portrait and the figure that this great Spanish artist most excels.

In his landscapes, of which there are, comparatively, but few, although there is the same accuracy of drawing, one feels that the sense of sunlight, of vibrant atmospheric quality is missing, qualities that one certainly has the right to expect of so great an artist. In fact if Sorolla were to be judged by his landscapes we do not believe he would achieve the position of a great artist.

In bringing away an impression of this exhibition, the landscapes are the only notes that jar one's artistic sensibilities. But, a man with such a thorough knowledge of anatomy, who imparts to his figures such a quality of virility and motion, who can paint draperies with such a diaphanous quality, as can this Spanish painter, disarms criticism of his landscape work. We feel that we have been introduced to a personality that will make a great impression not alone upon the art of Spain, but of the world as well.

Sorolla is but forty-six years old. His energy must be enormous. There are three hundred and fifty canvases in this exhibition, and these we are told form but a small part of his work, examples of which are to be found not only in the principal galleries and collections

of his own country but also in those throughout Europe and the United States.

To have been able to accomplish so much, and to have done it so well, so early in life, makes it possible to predict even greater things from this man's brush.

Mr. Archer Huntington, president of the Hispanic Society of America, brought this collection to America

at his personal expense. It is the present intention to exhibit these paintings in other cities throughout the country, and as it is probable many opportunities will be afforded to view this collection, we have noted it at some length, to stimulate an interest and suggest to the picture lover that it will be worth while to avail of an opportunity to view this notable collection.

ILLUSTRATIONS

HOUSE AT NO. 139 E. 19TH STREET, NEW YORK

MR. F. J. STERNER, ARCHITECT

The house at No. 139 East 19th street, illustrated in this issue, is the residence of Mr. F. J. Sterner, architect, and was remodeled by him to meet his requirements of a city residence. The building, an old one, is in the heart of the dignified Gramercy Park section, and has a frontage of 23 feet, and is 75 feet in depth. It is a three-story and basement house, and before its alteration was similar in character to hundreds of houses in this section.

The main requirements were a large dining room, drawing room, library and studio. It was found best to place these rooms to the rear of the house in order to utilize the full width of the plot in each case. As the outlook at the rear was toward an old Quaker meeting house, one of the landmarks of the city, it made possible the arrangement above described. As it was necessary to place the dining room in the basement, and in order to obviate a basement appearance, the yard at the rear was excavated to a depth six inches below the dining-room floor. The yard was surrounded by an interesting rough brick wall, and covered with rough rafters and trellage, so that vines would form a summer roof. A fountain was introduced against the rear wall, on axis with the doors opening into the dining room, and the floor of this yard was paved with irregular stone. The figure surmounting the fountain is a Diana, brought by the architect from Italy. It is an original, carved in marble, and of the period of the early Italian renaissance, or time of Donatello.

The interiors are generally treated with linen-fold wainscots, with relief plaster ceilings and tapestries in early English needlework.

The drawing-room mantel is a replica of a XVI Century example.

The general result of the interior in color and furnishing is one that suggests refinement and the best artistic perception.

HOUSE OF MRS. W. R. GRACE, GREAT NECK, L. I., N. Y.

MR. JAMES W. O'CONNOR, ARCHITECT

This house is on the north shore of Long Island, overlooking Cow Bay, a small neck of water of the Sound. It was formerly known as the Mott Manor, and the land was originally obtained from the Indians about one hundred and seventy-five years ago. The

house though large originally has been added to, until it is now one of the most important houses on the "North Shore." The purpose of the architect was to preserve the original tone and aspect of the house. The style is Colonial with furnishings in keeping with that period. The addition to the main part of the house is two stories, and is practically a new right wing. It includes a library and card room on the lower floor with bed and bathrooms above.

The white shingles on the exterior were made to order, and are wire scraped, to imitate the old hand split shingles. The main hall is large, and there are two open fireplaces on either side of the doorway which leads into the library, which room is gained by a descent of two steps.

The library is a large, light room, absolutely simple, with windows on all sides. It is the largest room in the house, and is an apartment of generous dimensions. It is paneled throughout with mahogany wainscoting, and has a cream colored plaster ceiling and hardwood floor. There are built-in bookcases which completely surround the room. On either side of the fireplace are built-in seats on a level with the windows.

In considering this house, it is well to remember that it is a modern one. In no way has the architect tried to produce any old-time rooms or any old-time conditions. It is simply a reproduction of the old Long Island Colonial house, built for solid comfort for a home, and used as such.

The dining room is directly back of the entrance hall, with the butler's pantry on the left. This room is paneled in mahogany and has a hardwood floor. The furnishings are old mahogany throughout.

The feature of the new part of the house is the amount of light that the architect has given to the different rooms.

The interior of the whole house has practically been renovated. The old mud ceilings, in vogue long ago, had to be removed, and now the central middle portion stands to-day practically as when it was the Mott Manor, with two wings added to give symmetry to the whole.

WHAT IS A FINAL CERTIFICATE?

Where by the terms of the contract the architect cannot issue a final certificate until the work is fully completed, a certificate by him which states that the work is *practically* completed is not a final certificate, subsequent communications between the architect and the owner showing that the architect himself did not regard it as final, there being more work to be done on the building and claims to be considered and settled by the architect.

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The proposed building for the National Academy of Design.

Mayor McClellan's signal service in the interest of New York's artistic development.

ILLUSTRATIONS:

House at No. 139 East Nineteenth Street, New York
(6 pages).

House of Mrs. W. R. Grace, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
(4 pages)

Frontispiece:

La maison des Consuls, Perigueux, France.

REALIZING fully the immense value to American Art that would result from the erection of a suitable building to house the National Academy of Design, we are nevertheless inclined to agree for once with the views expressed in certain quarters not ordinarily in sympathy with Art, and oppose the plan as formulated and now before the State Legislature in the shape of a bill providing a site for a building in Central Park. The public in general regards with disapproval any encroachment on the parks of this city in the interest of any class or organization of persons. It is true that the work of the Academy is of ultimate value and advantage to the country at large, but so also is that form of Art fostered and encouraged by a great opera house or theatre. The recent suggestion to use a part of Central Park for the purposes of a theatre resulted in a protest the significance of which could not be misunderstood.

WE do not oppose or intend to discourage the project of a building for the National Academy. On the contrary, we favor it most emphatically, but it seems to us it would be infinitely better if the project were undertaken without asking such a substantial concession from the public, a large proportion of which is

bound to view the matter with disfavor. The report that the organization has a half million or more dollars in its treasury to apply toward the proposed improvement encourages the belief that it would be a comparatively easy task, undertaken by the proper persons, to raise by subscription a sum sufficient to secure a site more accessible and in every way better suited to the purpose. Ample funds have been available for less commendable objects, and we are persuaded that an appeal to public-spirited citizens of means for money to apply to so worthy a purpose would not be in vain. It would then not be necessary to house within the building a police station or in fact call upon it to answer any such totally divergent purposes as would be necessary under the present plan. Considering all the circumstances, we cannot but believe that the success of the present bill would be a great misfortune. The Academy deserves and requires better things, and the defeat of the proposed legislation will only serve to arouse the friends of Art to a more thorough realization of conditions, the probable result of which will be a plan for an undeniably more ambitious, but nevertheless barely adequate building to accommodate the great work of this noted organization of artists.

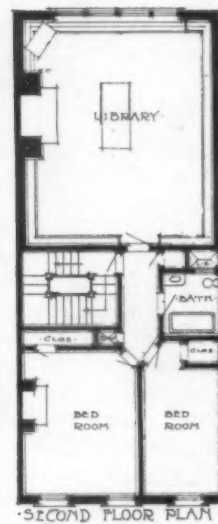
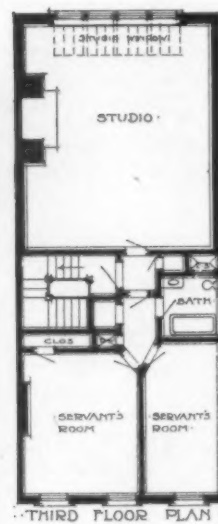
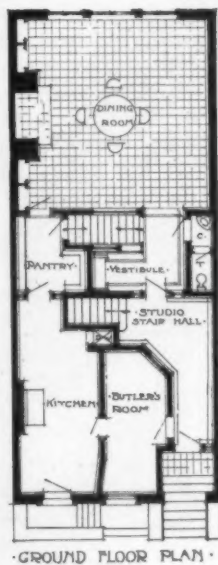
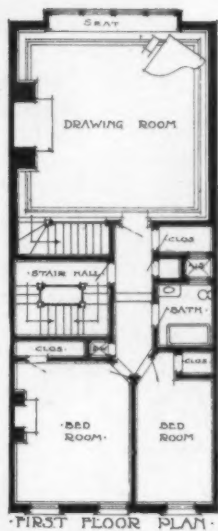
THOUGH appreciating the tendency of every age or epoch to disparage itself, to believe that opportunities were greater, that in fact the sun shone brighter in former times, we are of the opinion that the city of New York under future administrations will point with pride and satisfaction to its undeniable achievements along architectural lines during the administration of Mayor McClellan. Naturally, a retrospective view eliminates much that we would prefer in any case to forget and permits to stand forth prominently the good that has been accomplished. At the present time, however, before the hand of Time has blotted out the detail of the work accomplished, the tendency to regard the past as infinitely superior to the present cannot have force nor effect, and it is in the light of the present, with a full realization of all that has been done in the past five years, that we declare this city singularly fortunate under the direction of a Mayor who has possessed the culture, refinement and artistic ability and appreciation to not only guard our artistic treasures, but conspicuously advance our artistic development.

IN his speech at the annual dinner of the Architectural League and in his more recent utterances, the Mayor again gave evidence of his unusual fitness to lead the movement for civic and artistic development in a city of the importance of New York. His gracious and modest disclaimer of any credit for the work accomplished, which has in fact been due in greatest measure to his co-operation and support, is but characteristic of the man. We can think of no greater calamity to Art in this city than the election of a successor to Mayor McClellan from the ranks of the practical politician, as exemplified by some of the prominent figures in both this city and Albany. To see to it that no such misfortune befalls should be the duty and concern of every cultured citizen interested in the future welfare of our city.

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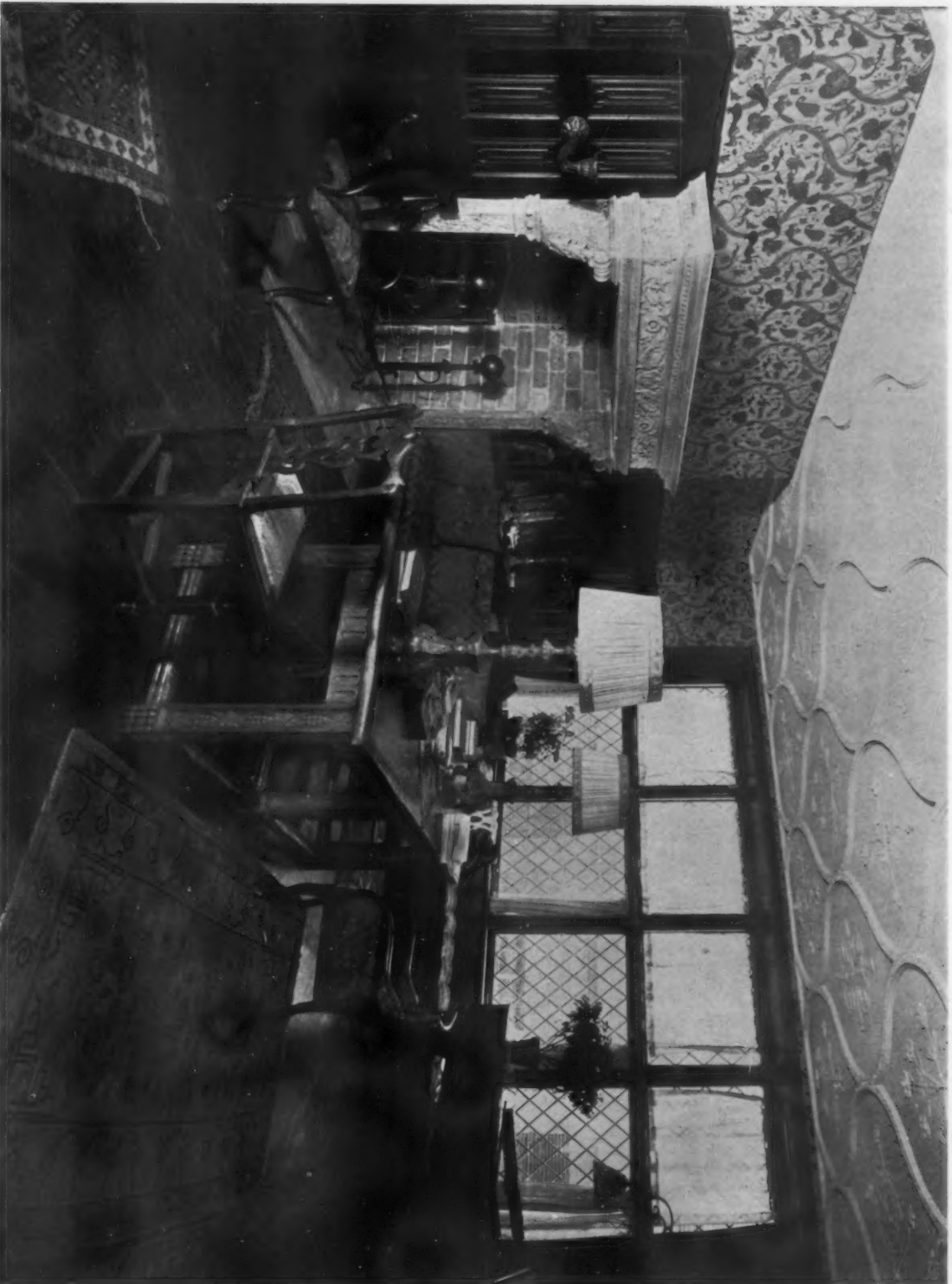


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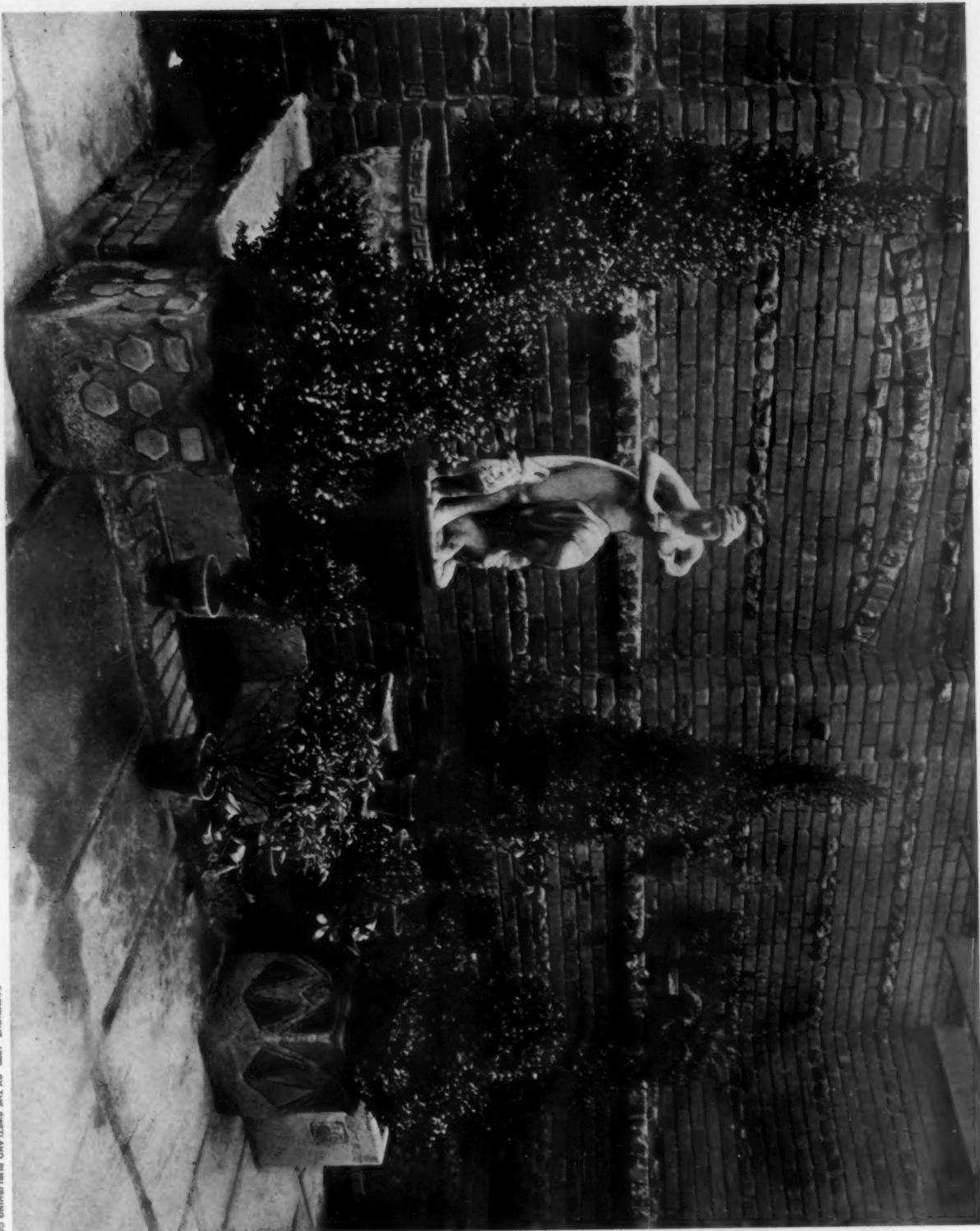


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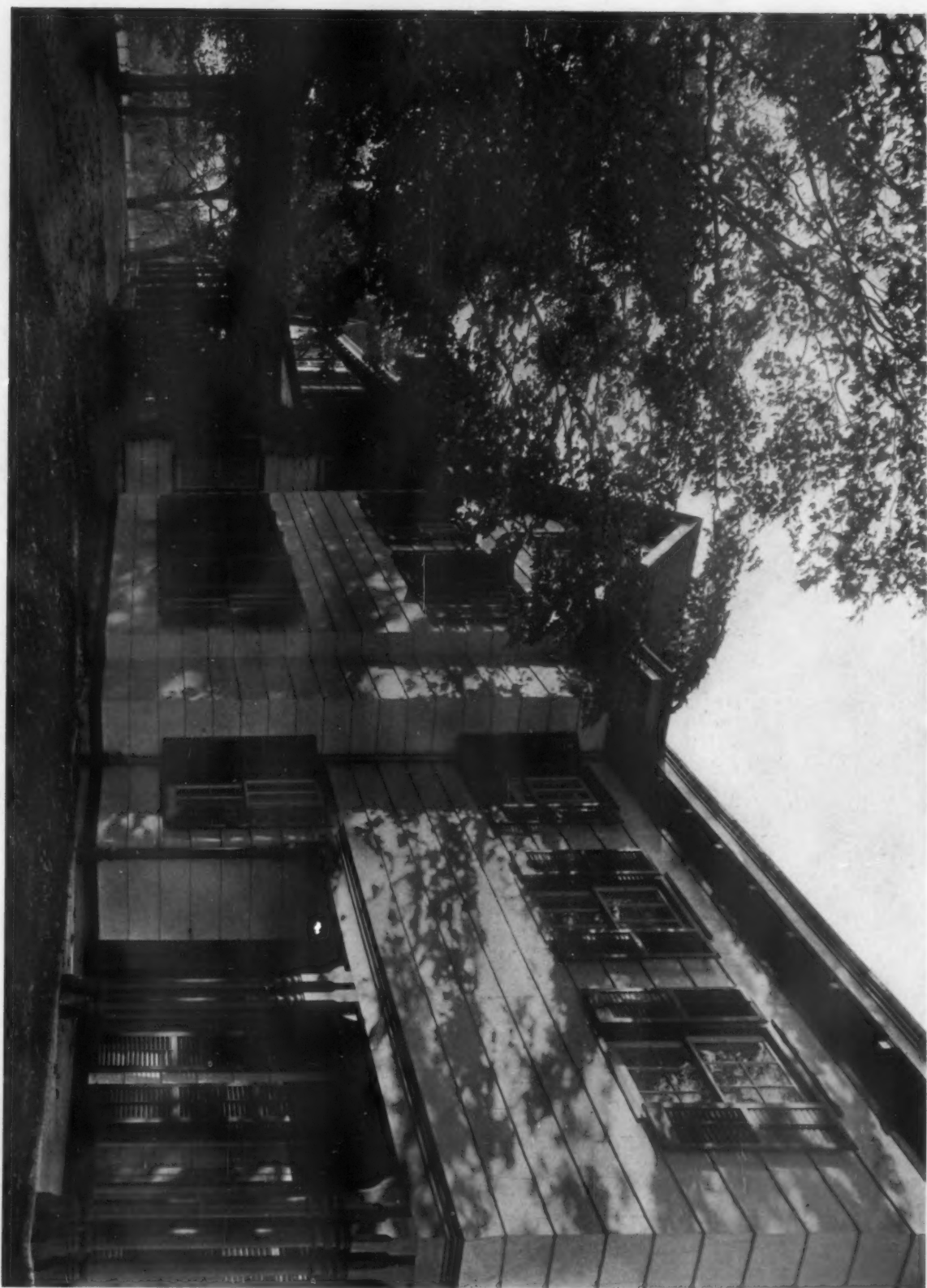


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